

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The sweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-cyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we halloa, no more shake
Our pointed lavelyns, whilst the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant uses,
(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(which is the curse of honour) lastly.
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet *Cosen*,
Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here abraye patience,

And

And the enjoying of our greefes together?
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
If I thinke this our prison.

Pal. Certainly,

Tis a maine goodnes *Cosen*, that our fortunes
Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two sou'es
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em suffer
The gauld of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sincke, they must not, say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle *Cosen*?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, holy sanctuary,
To keepe us from corruption of worse men,
We are young and yet desire the waies of honour,
That liberty and common Conversation
The poyson of pure spirits; might like women
Woee us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being thus together,
We are an endles mine to one another;
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting
New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressour
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seeke us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or busines,
Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken *Cosen*,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chaunces
Were we from hence, would seaver us.

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Pal.